

## POETRY.

## A Song for the Season.

Oh! ruddy autumn, now,  
Thou givest once again  
A rich reward to anxious men  
For all his toil and pain;  
Thou art a queen, a stately queen,  
Among the graces three,  
For lovely spring and summer bright  
Are handmaids unto thee;  
Right royally, with lavish hand,  
Thou spread'st o'er hill and plain  
The luscious symbols that proclaim  
The lustre of thy reign.

Oh! gentle, bounteous autumn queen,  
Brown daughter of the sun,  
Effulgently thou tread'st the path  
Thy burning courses run:  
Thou lay'st thy ruddy hand upon  
The green and tender grain,  
And full-crested harvest gladdens earth,  
With teeming fields again;  
The boughs that bend with golden fruit,  
The purple-clustered vine,  
Oh! ripe and ruddy autumn queen,  
Are thine and only thine!

Oh! bless'd and blessing autumn queen,  
Commission'd from above  
To gem the matron breast of earth  
With jewels of God's love:  
The green hill-sides are wild with glee—  
The valleys swell with song—  
The everlasting mountain tops  
The autumn peals prolong—  
And all the kindred of mankind,  
In one great rapture-strain,  
Sing praise to Him who bade thee fill  
Their garner once again.

## VARIETY.

## The Despot of Domestic Life.

It is excellent  
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

There are few human beings who do not  
covet power. It appears to be one of the  
great desires of the mind and heart. Men  
toil for it day by day and year by year, and  
not a few waste health, risk reputation, and  
even peril life in its acquisition. If we  
look into the busy world, we shall find the  
multitude constantly engaged in an effort  
to secure position, place, fortune and power.  
And strange as it may appear, the cases  
are rare in which, when acquired, these  
are not misused and abused. We are all  
more or less disposed to play the despot—  
How frequently does it happen that an in-  
dividual who in his early years was poor,  
dependent, meek, and humble, becomes a  
changed being as step by step he acquires  
wealth, and with it influence and power—  
so changed, indeed, that he cannot recognize  
his former friends, and even his own  
original character is lost in the metamor-  
phosis. We can conceive of nothing more  
narrow, selfish and paltry. Another foible  
of erring human nature, and it is one that  
is frequently indulged, is to disown and  
deny parentage, associations and origin,  
however honest and honorable, because  
connected with poverty. The poor fool  
who thus fancies that he elevates himself  
at the expense of truth and integrity, is on-  
ly contemned and despised by the intelli-  
gent and high-minded. The abuse of power  
in every case, should be regarded as a crime.  
In the first place, it indicates ingrati-  
tude to Divine Providence, for the  
blessings and immunities conferred; and  
in the second, it exhibits a selfishness, a  
vanity, and a tyranny that are every way  
culpable and deplorable. We can imagine  
nothing more despicable than a domestic  
or a social despot—an individual who de-  
lights in making others miserable, simply  
because he is in a condition to do so with  
acertain degree of impunity. The slave  
driver who scourges his victim for every  
trifling offence, is scarcely more culpable,  
for wounds may sometimes be inflicted as  
well by the tongue or the manner, as by the  
lash, or the whip. Hearts, too, may be  
lacerated by words, far more readily than  
bodies by blows. The temper is sometimes  
more scathing and fatal than a double-edged  
sword. We believe that many a spirit has  
been broken through its agency, that many  
a life has been made wretched, and that  
many a gentle being has been sent to a  
premature grave. The abuse of power in  
such cases is not only cruel, but it is criminal.  
And, although it is natural for us to  
turn with horror from detailed accounts  
of the execution of some convicted homici-  
de, we fear that there are many domestic  
despots, who, by a cool, wanton and system-  
atic mode of torture, gradually break down  
the constitution, sap the strength and shorten  
the lives of the very beings they are  
bound to watch over and protect. Can  
anything be more terrible than this descrip-  
tion of tyranny? Can anything be  
more awful than this fearful manifestation  
of temper? In some of the earlier ages,  
poisons were administered stealthily and  
gradually, with the object of putting away  
some relative, friend or associate, who had  
become troublesome, or whose estates were  
coveted. The mode was deliberate, mon-  
strous, and murderous, and yet the victims  
suffered without knowing the hand that  
prepared the fatal draught. But the des-  
pots of domestic life are not only seen and  
known, but their blows upon the mind and  
heart are felt hourly and daily, and are of-  
ten borne in sorrow and in suffering, rather  
than resort to an open rupture or a world-  
ly exposure. Such miscreants and ty-  
ants deserve to be scouted, scorned, and execrated  
wherever discovered, for they abuse the  
position and pervert the privileges that  
have been confided to them for beneficent  
purposes. How happy is the contrast,  
when power, however great, is employed  
wisely, kindly, courteously and benevolent-  
ly; when it is regarded as a gift from the  
Almighty, a trust or a boon, and is used  
accordingly? It then, indeed, becomes a  
blessing, and it is the source of many other  
blessings. So, too, in relation to wealth.  
The individual who, having accumulated  
an immense fortune, hoards, worships, and  
fails to employ it judiciously, is false to his  
trust. Instead of making the means thus  
acquired, subservient to useful and benevo-  
lent purposes, he becomes the slave of his  
own resources, a curse instead of a blessing  
to his fellow-creatures, and a miserable vic-  
tim to avarice. Those upon whom high  
power has been conferred, or great riches,

are also surrounded by corresponding res-  
ponsibilities. They have in some sense  
been elevated above their fellow-beings,  
and have had an extraordinary mission con-  
fided to them; and as they are faithful or  
faithless, so will they enjoy sympathy, res-  
pect, confidence and friendship among their  
fellow-creatures, and so also will they be  
adjudged in the world beyond the grave.  
[Philadelphia Enquirer.]

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—WEDDING ON  
A STEAMBOAT.—A correspondent of the  
Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from Superi-  
or, under date of October 8, says:

"Our favorite steamer, the North Star,  
Capt. B. Sweet, arrived, yesterday morn-  
ing, with numerous passengers and freight,  
having been delayed but one day by adverse  
winds on the route from Cleveland, Ohio.  
When a few hours out from Detroit, one of  
the gentlemen passengers fell desperately  
ill, and at first sight with a pretty and in-  
teresting young widow. He was introdu-  
ced, quickly popped the question, and was  
accepted. Unfortunately for the lovers, the  
only minister on board had not been licen-  
sed. The gallant captain being appealed  
to, promised to have the knot tied at the  
first stopping-place. When the boat ar-  
rived, although it was about midnight, mes-  
sengers were despatched in hot haste for  
the Justice of the Peace, who immediately  
repaired to the ladies' cabin, and the twin  
were made one. The time occupied in the  
arrival and departure of the steamer was  
not over fifteen minutes. The happy  
couple were conspicuous in the ball given  
by the captain to the citizens of Superior  
last evening. The spacious cabins were  
brilliantly illuminated, five or six colored  
musicians officiated, and delighted the guests  
with quadrilles, schottisches, waltzes and  
reels. Among the dancers were a number  
of Philadelphians, Baltimoreans, Kentuck-  
ians, and in fact representatives from nearly  
every State in the Union, but new resi-  
ding in Superior. A Washington lady re-  
marked to me that she was one of the ear-  
liest settlers, having arrived in the summer  
of 1855, before the first street was opened  
in the thick forest, and she then hardly im-  
agined that in three short years she would  
have been dancing here with so many oth-  
ers at a ball. At 12 o'clock, hot coffee,  
champagne, &c., were handed around, and  
at 2 the company dispersed."

MISCHIEF OF THE ABOLITION PROPAGANDISTS.—We copy the following from  
the Washington correspondent of the New  
York Herald:

"George Butler, Cherokee agent, has  
arrived in the city. He reports all quiet  
in the Cherokee Nation, but not likely to  
continue so long, if the Abolitionists are  
permitted to have full sway there as they  
have had heretofore. It seems that these  
mischievous agitators are at their old trade  
out there, busy brewing mischief, and ac-  
tively engaged in sowing dissension among  
that people, and arraying one portion against  
another, through the instrumentality of  
their emissaries—wolves in sheep's clothing  
—who were sent out for the ostensible pur-  
pose of preaching 'peace on earth and good  
will among men.' The Board of Missions  
that have their headquarters in Boston, and  
carry on all their machinations for mischief  
in that self-righteous and Pharisaical city,  
it seems have, for some ten or fifteen years  
been laboring to impress their Cherokee  
converts with the idea that no slaveholder  
can enter the kingdom of heaven, and they  
through their head agent, a distinguished  
member of the illustrious Jones family, and  
his subalterns, have gone on excommuni-  
cating all persons guilty of the crying sin  
of owning and taking care of negroes, hurl-  
ing anathemas against the heads of the  
abominable heretics who have the hardness  
of heart to affirm that slavery is sanctioned  
by the Bible, and exciting the enmity of  
the poorer class of pure blood Cherokees  
against the better portion of the population  
—the wealthy slave owners, composed of  
half-breeds, whites and some pure Chero-  
kees—until the feeling of hostility is aroused  
to such an extent as to threaten serious  
troubles at the next election. These Abolition  
emissaries have acquired such influ-  
ence that they were enabled to prevent the  
passage of a resolution by the last Chero-  
kee Council, calling on the Boston Board  
to state what instructions they sent out to  
their missionaries. I understand the mat-  
ter will be laid before the Secretary of the  
Interior for any action he may deem expe-  
dient in the premises, and proper means  
will doubtless be used to avert the threat-  
ened evils."

PULLING TEETH IN OLD TIMES.—The  
primitive method of pulling teeth in Seran-  
to is thus described by a correspondent of  
the Express: One end of a firm hemp  
string was fastened upon the aching mem-  
ber, while the other, securely tied around  
a bullet purposely notched, was put in the  
barrel of an old flint-lock musket, loaded  
with an extra charge of powder. When  
all was ready, the desperate operator caught  
hold of the gun, and "let drive." Out  
flew the tooth, and away bounded the mus-  
ket several feet. This mode of extracting  
teeth became the custom, and only one prac-  
ticed in this region for many years.

GOLIATH OF GATH.—The following ac-  
count of this giant is extracted from "Mal-  
colm's Bible Dictionary": Goliath of Gath  
was eleven feet four inches in height; his  
brazen helmet weighed fifteen pounds; his  
target or collar fixed between his shoulders  
to defend his neck, about thirty; his  
spear was twenty-six feet long, and weigh-  
ed fifty pounds; his head weighing thirty-  
eight, his sword forty, his greaves on his  
legs, thirty, and his coat of mail, one hun-  
dred and thirty-six! Making in all, two  
hundred and twenty-three pounds.

As old lady, in the country, had a dandy  
from the city to dine with her on a certain  
occasion. For the desert there was an enor-  
mous apple pie. "La, ma'am!" said the gen-  
tleman, "how do you manage to handle such  
a pie?" "Easy enough," was the quiet re-  
ply; "we make the crust in a wheelbarrow,  
wheel it under an apple tree, and then shake  
the fruit down into it."

## Widow Bedotte's Tea-Table Gabble.

Jest in time, Mr. Crane—we've jest this  
mornin' set down to tea—draw up a cheer  
and set by—now don't say a word—I shan't  
take no for an answer. Should a I'd  
things rather different, to be sure, if I'd  
suspected you, Mr. Crane—but I won't  
apologize—apologize don't make nothing  
better, you know. Why, Melissy, you ain't  
half set the table. Where's the plum sauce?  
Tho't you was gwine to git some on't for  
tea. I don't see no cake, nuther—what a  
karless gal you be! Dew bring 'em on,  
quick—and, Melissy, dew fetch out one o'  
them are punkin pies and put it to warmin'.  
How do you take your tea, Mr. Crane?  
clear, hey? how much that makes me think  
of husband—he always drunk hissen clear.  
Now dew make yourself to home, Mr. Crane  
—help yourself to things. Dew you eat  
johnny cake? cause if you don't, I'll cut  
some wheat bread—dew, hey? we're all  
great hands for injin bread, here, 'specially  
Kier. If I don't make a johnny-cake every  
few days, he sez to me, 'Mar, why don't  
you make an injin loaf?' it seems as if we  
haddn't never had none.' Melissy, pass the  
cheese. Kier, see't Mr. Crane has but-  
ter. This ere butter is a little grain frowy.  
I don't want you to think it's my make,  
for 'tain't—Sam Pendergrasse's wife (she  
was Sally Smith,) she borrowed butter o'  
me 't'other day, and that are's what she  
sent back. I would't had it on if I'd sus-  
pected company. How do you feel to-day,  
Mr. Crane? Didn't take no cold last night?  
well, I'm glad on't. I was really afraid  
you would, the lectur room was terribel hot.  
I was almost roasted, and I warn't dressed  
wonderful warm, nuther; had on my green  
silk mackinler, and that ain't very thick.  
Take a pickle, Mr. Crane. I'm glad you're  
a favorite of pickles. I think pickles is a  
delightful beverage—don't feel as if I  
could make out a meal without 'em—once  
in a while I visit where they don't have  
none on the table; and when I git to hum  
the first thing I dew is to dive for the but-  
try and git a pickle. But husband couldn't  
eat 'em; they was like pizen tew him.  
Melissy never eats 'em nuther—she ain't  
no pickle hand. Some gals eat pickles to  
make 'em grow poor, but Melissy hain't  
got no such foolish notions. I've brung  
her up so she couldn't have. Why I've  
heard o' gals drinkin' vinegar to thin 'em  
off and make their skin delicate. They say  
Winkles—why Kier, what be you pekin  
the sass at Mr. Crane for? Melissy's jest  
helped him. I heard Carline Gallup say  
how Kesier Winkles—why, Kier, what dew  
you mean by offerin' the cold pork to Mr.  
Crane? jest as if he wanted pork for his  
tea. You see, Kier's been over to the Hol-  
lor to-day on bizness with old uncle Daw-  
son, and he cam hum with quite an appe-  
tite—sez he to me, 'Mar, dew set on some  
cold pork and taters, for I'm as hungry as  
a bear.' Let me fill up your cup, Mr.  
Crane. Melissy, bring on that are pie, I  
guess it's warm by this time. There: I  
don't think anybody'd say that punkin was  
burnt a stewin—take another pickle, Mr.  
Crane. O, I was gwine to tell what Carline  
Gallup was, a menty matter—what, Kier?  
ruther apt to talk? well, I know she was—  
but then she used to be sowin' old Winkles'  
about half the time and she know'd sowin'  
gals is generally tattlers. It's a terribel  
bad trait in anybody; 'specially in them—  
they haint no bizness to go round from  
house to house a tellin' what goes on among  
folks that finds them their bread and butter.  
I never incurred them in it. When I  
have many makers to work for me—as  
shure as they undertake to insinuate any-  
thing against any o' my naburs—I tell ye,  
I shet 'em up quicker—but I was gwine to  
tell what Carline Gallup said—Carline was  
a very steady gal—she was married about  
a year ago—married Jo Bennett—Philan-  
der Bennett's son—you remember Philander  
Bennet, don't you, Mr. Crane? he was kil-  
led so suddin over to Ganderfield? Tho'  
come to think, it must ben after you went  
away from here. He'd moved over to Gan-  
derfield the spring afore he was killed.  
Well, one day in layin time he was to work  
in the hayfield—take another piece o' pie,  
Mr. Crane—O dew, I insist on't. Well,  
he was to work in the hayfield, and he tell  
of the hay stack. I s'pose 't wouldn't  
a killed him if it hadn't a been for his com-  
ing kersmash into a jug that was settin' on  
the ground aside o' the stack. The spine  
of his back went right into the jug and  
broke it—broke his back I mean, not the  
jug—that wasn't even cracked—curus?  
wasn't it? 'Twas quite a comfort to Miss  
Bennet in her affliction—'twas a jug she  
valleyed, one that was her mother's. His  
bein' killed so was a terribel blow to Miss  
Bennet, the circumstances were so aggrava-  
tinn'. I wri't a piece of poetry on the oc-  
casion, and sent it tew her; she said it was  
quite consolinn'. It says:

"One summer's day,  
For to tend his hay,  
Mr. Bennet went to the medder,  
Fell down from the stack,  
Broke the spine of his back,  
And left a mournin' widder!"

'Twas occasioned by his landin'  
On a jug that was standin'  
Alongside the stack o' hay—  
Some folks say 'twas what was in it  
Caused the fall of Mr. Bennet,  
But there ain't a word of truth in what  
they say."

AN Irishman fights before he reasons, a  
Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Eng-  
lishman is not particular as to the order of  
precedence, but will do either to accommodate  
his customers. A modern general has said,  
that the best troops would be as follows: An  
Irishman half-drunk, a Scotchman half-stary-  
ed, and an Englishman with his belly full.

"Did you tell me, sir, you could hold  
the plow?" said the master. "Arrah, be  
aisy now," said Pat, "how the devil could  
I hold it, and two horses a draisin on it  
away from me? But give it to me in the  
barn, and be jabers, I'll hold it with any-  
body."

WOMEN have more power in their looks  
than men have in their laws, and more pow-  
er in their tears than men have in their  
judgments.

## A Parisian Story-ette.

A young soldier, of four and twenty, a  
Lieutenant of artillery, has just married  
a banker's daughter, with 500,000 francs  
dowry.

Lieutenant of artillery! Not a bad rank.  
Napoleon had the honor to bear it, and the  
grace to remember it.  
At the conference of Erfurt, during that  
congress of Emperors and Kings, the simple  
satellites of Napoleon were speaking at the  
table one day of the old Germanic Golden  
Bull of Rome. Its date was asked. There  
was a moment of silence. No one remem-  
bered. Napoleon spoke—  
"1355."

"What, sir," cried a courtier king, "you  
know our history so well. When has your  
Majesty found the time to study it?"  
When I was a lieutenant of artillery,"  
said the Emperor.

The words produce a singular effect among  
those princes all born to thrones. Napoleon  
perceived it, and repeated:  
"When I had the honor to be a lieutenant  
of artillery."

Well, although the grade is a nice one, our  
Lieutenant of artillery did not think it enough  
to win the hand of Mademoiselle—so he  
had never dreamed of asking it. But one day  
he was followed by an elderly gentleman,  
tall, thin, and blessed with a large pointed  
nose. This person followed him into the  
Gymnase Theatre, seated himself beside him  
and drew him into conversation. The ac-  
quaintance was made. The long nosed man  
visited him at his quarters, offered friendship  
and one fine day he said:  
"I am interested in you—have a lively  
friendship for you, I must have you married."

"Nice proof of friendship," said the officer,  
laughing.  
"My dear friend, there are marriages and  
marriages. What would you say to 500,000  
francs dowry, with expectancies?"

The officer ceased laughing. In brief, the  
long nosed man introduced him at the bank-  
ers. The father shrugged his shoulders when  
a marriage was spoken of; but the man with  
the long nose gave such excellent accounts  
of the young soldier, covered up his wild  
outings, exaggerated so well his merit and his  
virtues and had so many resources and in-  
genious stratagems at hand, the marriage  
took place soon after.

The Lieutenant was astonished at such  
singular devotion, such warmth of friendship.  
The day after the wedding, the long nose  
called to see him.  
"My dear friend," said the bridegroom,  
"I shall never forget what you have done for  
me. I shall always hold you in remembrance.  
My wife is charming. I am desperately in  
love with her."

"And the dowry?"  
"That spoils nothing. But fancy my hap-  
piness! I would have gladly wedded her  
without that."  
Come, come! no nonsense! What should  
I have done?"

"How—you?"  
"How—you?"  
"You speak of remembering me—"  
"Oh! can I have the pleasure of rendering  
you pecuniary service?"

"Certainly. A service for which I will  
do me the kindness to pay these acceptances,  
signed by you, amounting to sixty-three  
thousand six hundred and eighty-two francs  
sixty-five centimes; interest and expenses in-  
cluded. I could have arrested you or at-  
tached your pay which would have cancelled  
the debts in about three or four thousand  
years. I preferred to have you married—  
Was it not better?"

The Lieutenant came down from the clouds.  
This friend and benefactor was not an angel  
—only a creditor!

THE CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH LAB-  
ORER.—According to some of the British  
journals, the condition of a large portion of  
the English laborers is truly deplorable.—  
They can with great difficulty earn the  
means of subsistence, while their social  
comforts are few and far between. Vari-  
ous efforts have been made to produce a  
change, but thus far with little success.—  
The Northern Times, published at Liver-  
pool, takes up the subject in detail, and in  
the course of a sympathetic article, says:

We boast of our abhorrence of negro sla-  
very, we romance, we moralize, and we ac-  
tually weep over the tales of African suffer-  
ing, but we cannot afford a passing thought  
for the millions of white slaves who consti-  
tute the masses of our laboring population.  
What are these in reality but mere animat-  
ed machines? Employed only because it  
has not been possible as yet to discover  
others to supersede them. As their em-  
ployment has been the result of necessity,  
not of choice, the great object of the em-  
ployer has been to tax the physical endur-  
ance of the employed to its utmost limits,  
and reduce the rate of remuneration to the  
lowest minimum. Unfortunately, the fierce  
competition of trade, and the unusually  
overcrowded state of the labor market, com-  
bined to render this state of things inevit-  
able.

This is, indeed, a lamentable picture.—  
But the case is similar, we fear, to a very  
considerable extent, in other portions of the  
world, and even in this country. There  
are few among the laboring classes, how-  
ever economical and industrious, who even  
secure more than a living for themselves  
and families. Their lot is one of excessive  
toil. Those who are skilled in some par-  
ticular art or craft, can of course do better.  
But the mere laborer, even in his best con-  
dition, has a hard task before him. There  
is, moreover, too little sympathy felt for  
this particular class. Their wants, their  
enjoyments, their recreations, are rarely  
considered. They are regarded as mere  
hewers of wood, and drawers of water, and  
are treated accordingly. How rarely, in-  
deed, do we hear of any movement intended  
to elevate the social condition or extend the  
social enjoyments of the merely working  
classes! Even philanthropy seems to look  
upon them with indifference or contempt.

But this should not be. There is a season  
for all things, and a consideration should  
be felt for every member of the human  
family.

THE evil consequence of our crimes long  
survive the commission, and, like the ghosts  
of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of  
the malefactor.

"I NEVER complained of my condition,"  
says the Persian poet, Sadi, "but once,  
when my feet were bare, and I had no mon-  
ey to buy shoes; but I met a man without  
feet, and was contented with my lot."

OLD Master Brown brought his ferrule  
down—his face was angry and red. "Now  
Anthony Blair, go sent you there along  
with the girls," he said. Then Anthony  
Blair, with a mortified air, and his chin  
down on his breast, crept slowly away, and  
sat all day by the girl that loved him best  
in all the world.

THERE are good, dull folks, who doubt  
of lasting love in paradise—seeing that the  
first match wasted the consent of aunts and  
grandfathers.

UNFAIR DIVISION.—A lady having pur-  
chased some sausages of a couple of boys,  
overheard them disputing about the money.  
"Give me half on't," says one. "No I  
won't," says the other. "Now that ain't  
fair, you know 'tain't, Jo, for half the pup  
was mine."

ONE of our finest writers says, that the  
"nightly dues come down upon us like  
blessings." How different the daily dues  
come down upon us these hard times.

## Executrix's Sale.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder, at  
my residence on Friday the 5th day  
of November next, all my stock of Hogs  
and Cattle, (some fine Milch Cows and very  
good Stock Hogs) and some other articles  
too tedious to mention. On a credit of nine  
months, with interest from date, for all sums  
of and over five dollars; under that amount,  
cash. CHARLOTTE BARKER.

ON THE SAME DAY AND PLACE,  
I will sell my stock of Cattle and Hogs, and  
three young Mules, on the same terms.  
JOSIEA BARKER.

Oct 4, 1858 12 3

## Ordinary's Sale.

BY virtue of an order to me directed by  
W. J. Parsons, Esq., Ordinary of Pick-  
ens district, I will sell to the highest bidder  
at Pickens Court House, on Saturday in No-  
vember next, the Real Estate of Nathaniel  
Duncan, deceased, to wit:

Tract No. 1, containing Eighty-five Acres,  
and adjoining lands of George W. Higgins,  
N. Duncan and others.

Tract No. 2, containing Ninety-seven acres,  
and adjoining lands of Moses Hendricks and  
others.

These tracts are in Pickens district, on wa-  
ters of Georges creek. Sold for division  
amongst the heirs of said deceased.

TERMS OF SALE.—On a credit of twelve  
months, with interest from day of sale, ex-  
cept the cost, which must be paid in cash.—  
The purchaser to give bond with good secu-  
rity, to the Ordinary to secure the payment of  
the purchase money, with a mortgage of the  
premises if deemed necessary by him. Purchaser  
to pay extra for titles.

Oct. 8, 1858 12 3

## Ordinary's Sale.

BY virtue of an order to me directed by  
W. J. Parsons, Esq., Ordinary of Pick-  
ens district, I will sell to the highest bidder,  
at Pickens Court House, on Saturday in No-  
vember next, the Real Estate of Rob't. Ste-  
wart, deceased, to wit:

One tract of Land, containing Four Hun-  
dred and Fifty-four Acres, adjoining lands  
of John Gavely, and others. This tract lies on  
Little Enatasie creek, waters of Keowee river.  
Sold for payment of debts and division.

TERMS OF SALE.—On a credit of twelve  
months, with interest from day of sale, except  
the cost, which must be paid in cash. The  
purchaser to give bond with good security, to  
the Ordinary to secure the payment of the  
purchase money, with a mortgage of the pre-  
mises if deemed necessary by him. Purchaser  
to pay extra for titles.

Oct. 8, 1858 12 3

## Fine Tobacco.

THOSE wishing a superior article of Chew-  
ing TOBACCO will please call in, as  
we have just received from J. M. Tatum a lot  
of his celebrated brand—"Queen of the Val-  
ley." For sale by  
JOHN T. SLOAN & CO.

Pendleton, Oct 1 11 4

## A Final Settlement.

WILL be made, on the 30th day of October  
next, of the personal estates of Wilson and  
Jesse McKinney, deceased. All demands against  
either estate must be handed in before that day  
to  
JOHN McKINNEY, Adm'r.

July 23, 1858 1 11

## JOS. J. NORTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Solicitor in Equity.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C.

Jan. 1, 1858 25 11

## NOTICE.

IS hereby given, that at the next session of  
the Legislature, application will be made for  
an act to incorporate the "Cheochee Mining  
Company," and also the "Blue Ridge Mining  
Company." [Aug 22, 1858.]

August 2, 1858 3 3m

## NOTICE.

IS hereby given that application will be  
made to the Legislature of South Caroli-  
na, at its next session, for an act to incorpo-  
rate the Baptist Church, at Secona.

August 14, 1858 5 8m

## NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legisla-  
ture of South Carolina, at its next session,  
for an act to incorporate the town of Pickens-  
ville, with the usual power and privileges.

July 8, 1858 50 8m

## NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legisla-  
ture of South Carolina, at its next session,  
for a charter for "The Chauga Lime and Man-  
ufacturing Company." [Aug 22, 1858.]

July 13, 1858 51 3m

## State of South Carolina,

PICKENS DIST.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLACES.

Dielsch Biemann, Foreign Attaché.

Norris, H. & Pulliam,

Hendrick & Ledford, vs. J. E. Hagood, c.o.d.

WHEREAS, the plaintiff did, on the 17th day  
of May, 1858, file his declaration against  
the defendants, who (as it is said) are absent from  
and without the limits of this State, and have  
neither wife nor attorney known within the same,  
upon whom a copy of the said declaration might  
be served: It is ordered, therefore, that the  
said defendants do appear and plead to the said  
declaration on or before the 15th day of May,  
1859; otherwise, final and absolute judgment  
will then be given and awarded against them.

J. E. HAGOOD, c.o.d.  
Clerk's Office, May 17, 1858 124

## State of South Carolina,

PICKENS—IN ORDINARY.

Ex Parte } Petition to apply funds to

Maulden, Sur' } the payment of debts.

T appearing that Joseph D. Loeper, Henry

J. Duncan (or Hester) and wife Rachel, Peter

L. Phillips and wife Caroline, John Pritchett and

wife Rachel, reside without the limits of this

State: It is ordered, therefore, that they do ap-  
pear in the Ordinary's office, at Pickens C. H.,  
on the first Monday in January next, and show  
cause, if any they can, why the prayer of the  
said petition should not be granted.